Toothicls, he draws the teeth of all his Flock.

EXPLANATION *of the* FRONTISPIECE.

REYNARD *in a* Maſter of Arts' *Gown, with an old Fox's Head, and a* cloven Foot, *&c.—He* ſtands *upon three* conſtitutional Writers, *and* Magna Charta, *to ſhew his Contempt of them.—He is drawing the Teeth of One of his* Flock *of* Saints, *a working Mechanic, kneeling, with a* Jack-Aſs's *Head.—Behind* Reynard *is a* Croſier, *denoting him a* Mock-Biſhop.—*He is ſuppoſed to be officiating in his Shop, where he ſells Books of* three Kinds, *viz.* Primitive Phyſic, Political Pamphlets, *and* Prayers, Sermons, Hymns, *&c.—There are two Pictures in his Shop;* one *of* K. James II. *ſhewing him to be a* Jacobite; *the* other *of* Lucy Cooper, *to denote him an* old Letcher.—*&c. &c. &c.*

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11630. e. 6
3

SKETCHES

FOR

TABERNACLE-FRAMES.

A

POEM.

By the AUTHOR of THE SAINTS, a SATIRE;
PERFECTION, &c. &c.

——Digito monſtrari, et dicier *Hic eſt.* HOR.

Whether *Impoſtors ſinner* it, or *ſaints* it,
If *Knav'ry* grows *ridiculous*, I'll paint it.

LONDON,
Printed for J. BEW, in Pater-Noſter-Row.
MDCCLXXVIII.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE *Author* (leſt his Intentions ſhould be miſconceived in this and his former Pieces) begs Leave to acquaint his *Readers*, that his ſole Aim is, and has ever been, directed at the *fanatical Enthuſiaſts only*, and not at the Body of *rational Diſſenters in general.* The true *Baſis* of *juſtifiable Diſſention* is *Reaſon* and *Scripture*; *that* of *Methodiſtic Fanaticiſm*, *Self-Intereſt* and *Hypocriſy*: In ſhort, *this Tribe* of *Mock-Saints* (but eſpecially their *Leaders*) wreſt and torture *Scripture* to their own *worldly Purpoſes*, and ſubſtitute various *falſe Doctrines* (favourable to their own *Deſigns*) inſtead of *moral Honeſty*, *Integrity*, *Truth*, and the plain and clear Import of the *holy Scriptures.* Such *pious Impoſtors* the *Author* treats as *lawful Game.* At *Theſe*, and only *Theſe*, he points his *Satire*, conceiving them to be the proper *Butts* of *Ridicule* and *ludicrous Contempt.* As *ſuch* they have been deſervedly expoſed upon the *Stage*, and may, *with equal Juſtice*, be laſhed in *Print.*

TO THE

Rev. Mr. *Evans*, Mr. *Hill*, and Mr. *Hawes*,

AS CANDID AND INGENUOUS *DETECTORS*,

IN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF

THEIR SERVICES TO THE *PUBLIC*,

THE AUTHOR

MOST THANKFULLY AND RESPECTFULLY

DEDICATES THIS LITTLE PIECE.

THE AUTHOR

SKETCHES

FOR

TABERNACLE-FRAMES.

WHERE *Quack'ry*, *Pray'r*, and *Grubſtreet Arts*, combine

To furniſh out a *Tripartite-Divine*,

* There dwells *an aged Wight*, well-maſk'd with *Grace*,

Whoſe lank, monaſtic, *Sanctuary-Face*

In ſolemn Lines betrays his *ghoſtly Trade*;

A *pious Mountebank* in *Maſquerade*.

* *Reynard* deſcribed.

In *N---h*'s long Roll he figures as a *Dot*,
In *Art*'s a Speck, in *Piety*'s a *Blot*.
* Not with *one* Occupation arm'd alone,
But *three* together, interwove in *one*.
He (that his ready Bow may never lack
A String) is *Preacher*, *Pamphleteer*, and *Quack*.
Equally form'd for each Department, all
He fills alike, to each he has a *Call*.
Toothleſs, yet to the tougheſt *Text* he's juſt;
A knotty Point he'll mumble like a Cruſt;
And tho' you cannot edify one Letter,
Yet few can *whiſtle* off rank Nonſenſe better.
Then, as an *Author*, *N---h* knows how he'll write;
He'll prove that *white* is black, or *black* is white:
And, (vice versâ,) croſs but his Poſitions,
He'll baffle, and outlie, moſt *Politicians*.

* His various Occupations—a *fanatical* Preacher, a miniſterial Scribbler, a Quack-Doctor.

His

His *Genius phyſical* in this appears,
That *H---s* has lugg'd him forth by Head and Ears,
And, not revering *Ignorance* in *Age*,
Pelted this *Noſtrum-Monger* off his Stage.
Walk in, if this Deſcription can prevail,
And ſee his *Stock in Trade* ſet up to Sale
Without Reſerve—his motley *Magazine*
May furniſh *Darley** with ſome hum'rous Scene.
The Doctor's *Zaney*, too, ſhall mount anon;
As great a *Curioſity* as *John*†.
Alas! poor *John*'s juſt giving up the Ghoſt;
Burgoyne has fail'd, and *N--th* may loſe his Poſt.
Yet ſtill with fault'ring Voice he mumbles o'er
His *papal Abſolutions*‡ as before.

* The celebrated Mr. *Mat. Darley*, in the Strand.

† *Meſs-John* is a common Nick-Name in *Scotland* for all *fanatical Preachers.*

‡ *Confeſſion* and *Abſolution* are actually practiſed in *ſome Conventicles* of *modern Saints.*

" *Sinleſs Perfection*" *, makes the *Rabble* ſtare,
And hungry Mouths are fill'd with *Hymn* and *Pray'r*.
Fools feed on *Sounds*, whilſt *John* enjoys the *Senſe*
Of Thanks return'd in *tributary Pence*.
Ambitious *once* to lead a *ſniv'ling Sect*,
He thought *Diſſention* wou'd beget *Reſpect*,
And *Profit* too, and therefore caſt about
To pick a *newer Revelation* out;
† But when, from long Experience, he had found
That the beſt Views are took from *riſing Ground*,
Upon a ‡ *Chapel*'s *Pinnacle* he perch'd,
And thence for *Court* and *City* Dupes he ſearch'd;

* A favourite Doctrine with ſome *hypocritical Saints*.

† A *Turn-Coat!*

‡ Alluding to the late *Scheme* of *Chapel-Building*. This *pious Stratagem* is conducted thus: The *popular Holder-forth* enters into *Partnerſhip* with a rich *Maſter-Builder*; Part of the *Subſcriptions* the *Builder* receives; Part the *Preacher pockets*.—*Pews*, or rather *Pit*, *Box*, and *Galleries*, are hired out, and annual *Tickets* are delivered.—The *Builder* becomes *Patron*.—The *Preacher* fattens on his *Dividend of Profits*, without being diſconcerted by the impertinent *Viſitations* of an imperious *Dioceſan*.

Deeming

Deeming it *Sin* againſt the *Church* to ſtrive,
When *Orthodoxy* was the Way to thrive.
Behold him with his *former Self* engage!
At *ſev'nty-ſix* but newly come of *Age!*
Diſowning *Influence*, yet to *Int'reſt* ſtoop;
Duping Mankind, yet to *himſelf* a Dupe:
His own *Antitheſis* * *!*—a Sight that ſhocks!
Toothleſs, he draws the Teeth of all his *Flocks.*
To them he preaches *Perſeverance* up,
Yet longs to taſte the *miniſterial Cup:*
That to the fouleſt Dregs he baſely drains,
Till he's depriv'd of *Principles* and *Brains.*
Before his flatter'd Eyes, with Years grown dim,
Croſiers, and *Keys*, and floating *Mitres*, ſwim.

* *Horace* draws an admirable Picture of this Kind of *Inconſiſtency* with *one's-ſelf*, viz.

" Quod petiit, ſpernit; repetit quod nuper omiſit;
" *Æſtuat*, et vitæ *diſconvenit* ordine toto."

Thus tranſlated:

His laſt *Reſolves* he drops, and *feels* a Thirſt
For thoſe *ſound Truths* his *Gran'nam* taught him *firſt*;
Some *Tide* for ever fluctuates in his Head,
And of his *former Life* ſnaps ev'ry Thread.

Like a *real Biſhop** he loves *Splendor* much,
But ſtill prefers what's *ſolid* to the *Touch*.
For *this* his *loyal Conſcience* he'd unbind,
And give his deareſt Tenets to the Wind.
A Friend to *Cæſar*, with no Foe he'll join
Who under-rates his *Image* on the *Coin*.
No—let his *Doctrines* to Oblivion fall;
One ſlight *Douceur* by far outweighs 'em all.

† Now let us mark in *Politics* his Worth;—
A *Weathercock*—which *Ruſt* has fix'd due-*North*.
Before, to ev'ry Point alike inclin'd,
He waver'd, like his *Type*, with every Wind.
But now no more the *Circle* he'll deſcribe,
Check'd by the Canker of a *Courtly Bribe*.

* Whether Mr. *Eraſmus* was a *mock* Biſhop, or a *real* Biſhop, and conſequently whether he could *make* a *real* Biſhop, the Author does not pretend to determine any more than Mr. *Rowland Hill* in his late *Full Anſwer* to the Rev. Mr. *John Weſley*.

† *Reynard*'s political Principles.

Did

Did ever *Patriot* ſo intenſely think,
Or for his Country's Good ſpill ſo much Ink?
So many *ill-forg'd Fallacies* produce,
And in the *Daily Papers* let 'em looſe?
Acting (like *G*-----) the mild *Reclaimant*'s Part,
Calm in Pretence, a *T*----*t* at the Heart.
With *Him* a miniſterial Smile's a *Bribe*,
And all muſt bleed except his *choſen Tribe* *.
For *Gold* he'd diſavow God's holy Word,
And give his *Maker*'s *Image* to the Sword;
Prove *Cruelty* an Attribute annext
To Heav'n itſelf, and *calmly* quote a *Text* †;
Glut *Deſolation*'s Maw with tortur'd *Slain*,
And with deep Seas of Blood float ev'ry Plain.
Yet all *his Lambs* he cloaks in pureſt *White* ‡,
Scarlet to his chaſte Eye's a ſhocking Sight;

* Of *Saints*.

† This has actually been done in a *certain Addreſs*, not a *calm* one.

‡ A *Fact*—The *female Saints* (eſpecially in the Country) appear in *white Cloaks*, becauſe the *Purity* of a certain *Teacher* could not bear *ſcarlet*—He ſaid they looked like *Soldiers*.

Sinleſs Perfection (which alone is *good)*
Abhors a *Colour* worn by *Men of Blood.*

* Behold, on many a groaning Shelf array'd
Stands all this old *Impoſtor*'s Stock in Trade!
Legends of *Saints*, and *viſionary Whims*,
Pray'rs joſtle *Sermons*, *Sermons* ſhoulder *Hymns.*
There *Myſt'ry* puzzles, *Fraud* with *Scripture* vies,
Divine, and *Quack*, and *Politician*,—lies †.
‡ Firſt let us turn where *Phyſic* ſeems to give
Aſſurance to *lewd Saints*, and bids 'em *live.*
With *them*, not *Skill*, but *Fancy*, works the *Cure*,
When *Poiſon*'s taken from a Hand *ſo pure.*
With *ſuch Receipts*, good *Reynard*, never cram
Any beſide the *Followers of the Lamb* ‖.

* *Reynard*'s *Shop.*

† The Author here begs Leave to appeal for *Proof* to Mr. Ev--s, Mr. H-ll, and Mr. H---s; and to the *Public.*

‡ The *phyſical* Shelf.

‖ *Reynard*'s *Saints* call themſelves *ſo.*

For

For quacking *Souls* you cannot be attack'd,
But *Murder* is not yet within the *Act* *.
Without a *Counſel*'s *Fee* I'll ſet you right—
A † *Biſhop dangling* is a ſorry Sight.
Freighted with various *Drugs* your *Tumbrell* rolls ‡,
Packets for *Bodies*, and *good Books* for *Souls*.
Gain's ſterling *Senſe*, and *Honeſty* but *Sound* ‖ :
When *Sharp's the Word*, then *Gain* is *Action*'s Ground.
Shrewd *Reynard* ſerves his *Converts* juſt the ſame
As Sportſmen do the other two-legg'd *Game* :
When *Cocks* turn out *good Stuff*, and freely bleed,
'Tis worth one's While to ſave the hopeful Breed ;
And, tho' they cannot fight another *Main*,
We patch 'em up, and let 'em *tread* again.

* The *Toleration-Act*.

† Even tho' he were conſecrated by *Eraſmus* himſelf.

‡ Upon *Circuits* in the Country this Tumbrell is a Kind of *phyſical*, *political*, and *Divinity travelling Magazine*.

‖ My Son, get *Money*—*honeſtly*, if you can ; *if not*, get *Money*.—(*Solomon*.)
———" Quocunque modo *Rem*." Hor.

Chide not, ye *Saints*, that *Phyſic* takes the Lead;
* Hygeia's *Arts* were known before a *Creed*.
Men thought, at firſt, the *Body* was the *Whole*;
Plato at laſt found out it had a *Soul*.
Soothſayers, *Augurs*, then their Wits apply'd,
Like *John*, to *ſaddle* Fools, that *Knaves* might *ride*.
In milk-white Veſtments then the *Prieſt* diſplay'd
The *faireſt* Emblems of the *fouleſt* Trade.
But ſtill he kept this *Science* to *himſelf*;
Not pil'd (like *Reynard*'s) on the venal Shelf.
Gratis (when *Diſcord* roſe) he us'd to prate,
And *ſold* his Labours only to the *State*.
† But *Reynard* knows a nearer Way to *Gain*;
He vends to *Mob* the Product of his Brain;
Invents *Conceits* to fill out *pious Books*
For *Saints*, condemn'd at laſt to *Paſtry-Cooks*;

* Goddeſs of Health.
† The *Divinity-Shelf*.

He

He fits up *proper Texts* for *ſpeedy Sale*,
And ſeldom **feels* theſe Baits for *Gudgeons* fail:
Within his *F----ry* he erects his *Stall*,
And †*finds* his *Tribes* have Stomachs for 'em all.
Hymns, *Sermons*, *Tracts*, *Inſtructions*, and *Advices*,
With fifty other *ſpiritual Devices*,
Adorn his letter'd Shelves in Rank and File;
Such *motley Traſh* wou'd make a *Cynic* ſmile.
Theſe Beeſoms the Soul's ſtinking Kennels ſweep ‡,
Warranted *perfect*, new, and *very cheap* ‖.
Paul § on his Knowledge *ſtarv'd*; but *our Divine*
Turns *Goſpel-Diſpenſations* to a *Mine*.

* † N. B. The Words *feel* and *find* are Words *emphatical* among *Saints*—At one Time they *feel* or *find* themſelves very *low*, at another Time very *happy*—At one Time they *feel* they are *quite loſt*, at another they *find* themſelves *craving* ſtill more and more after *God*—Then they *feel Satan wreſtling* and ſtruggling with them, &c. &c. &c.

‡ True *Conventicle-Cant*, Word for Word.

‖ Moſt of them but a *Penny* a-piece.

§ This great and learned *Apoſtle* tells us, in his Epiſtles, that he worked as a *Handicraftſman* to get a Living—He did not *patch up for Sale* either *ſpiritual*, *phyſical*, or *political Lucubrations*.

Next,

* Next, *Tracts political* engage our Eye,
With *large Allowance* to ſuch Fools as *buy:*
Two-pence a-piece—let Readers *pick and chuſe*—
"*Great Information*"—"*without private Views* †."
Advert to the *calm* Page, and be convinc'd—
America bely'd, and *J-hnſ-n* minc'd;
Sam's pompous Arguments *cut out in Shreds* ‡,
To gain the *Mob*, *that Beaſt with many Heads*;
Pyrated Sophiſtry to catch looſe Pence,
And ſhew that Friends to G----- are Foes to *Senſe:*
To prove that *perfect Piety* will ſtoop
To be *Corruption*'s loweſt, meaneſt Dupe:
To *ſteal* from *Liberty* her *Charter'd-Roll*,
And ſell its *Conſcience*, *Country*, or its *Soul.*

* The *political* Shelf.

† Theſe are the *old Fox*'s Pretences in his *political Tracts.*

‡ That laborious and *invaluable* Work called *Taxation no Tyranny*; upon which the Author has ſeen the following Epigram, in Manuſcript, addreſſed to Dr. *J-hnſ-n:*

Taxation is no *Tyranny*, you ſay;
Your Propoſition turn the other Way,
And, in Defiance of a wond'ring Nation,
Maintain that *Tyranny* is *no Taxation.*

Thus *Sanctity* ſecure can play the *Knave*,
And graſp a *Bribe* "*with one Foot in the Grave**."

I cannot find in old *Mythology*
Hell's *Porter* figur'd with more Heads than *three*;
† But *Reynard*'s *Cerberus* with many more
Keeps ev'ry *Beggar* from his *Maſter*'s Door.
Thoſe he admits who come to *give* or *lend*;
To ſuch *good Souls* by *Inſtinct* he's a *Friend*.
This *Zaney*, train'd to mount *Perfection*'s *Tub*,
Supplies as many *Poſts* as *Farquhar*'s *Scrub* ‡;
Librarian, *Porter*, and *Amanuenſis*,
Brimful of *Scripture*, and *upright* Pretences,
He picks the Mouths of Fools, and ſteals their *Senſes*:

* Theſe are *almoſt* the very Words of a certain *Jeſuitical*, *canting*, *miniſterial* Scribbler, who is equally *wrong-headed* and *inſidious* in his *ſpiritual*, *phyſical*, and *political Noſtrums*.

† *Reynard*'s *Zaney*.

‡ In the Comedy called the *Beau*'s *Stratagem*.

Maitre d' Hotel, Diſpenſer of *John*'s *Drugs*,
Arm'd with *Texts* ſtrung, grave *Saws*, and pious Shrugs,
The *Mob*'s weak *Brains*, and *Pockets* too, he taps,
On hallow'd Lips of *Saints* a Padlock claps,
Hoodwinks their Eyes, and baits *John*'s *Money-Traps*.
As an *adopting Father*, too, *he*'s known,
Of *ſome Productions** *John* don't chuſe to own.
His hoary Head, his penitential Face,
His †*flinty Front*, beſpeak a *Babe of Grace*.
His Looks demure, his grave Deportment, Eyes
Half-clos'd, denote him *pious*, *meek*, and *wiſe*.
Thoſe Eyes he'll open wide to give Offence,
Steel'd with a moſt celeſtial *Impudence*;
The nobleſt Gift—This *Saints* with Eaſe obtain;
For this they *pray*‡, and ſeldom pray *in vain*.

* Both of *Impreſſion* and *Compreſſion*, perhaps.

† Explained in the Note *below*.

‡ In theſe Words; viz. "I beſeech the Great *I am* to give me an *holy Boldneſs*, a *Face of Flint*." Vide Poor Man's Spiritual Inſtructor, p. 54.

Give

Give him the *Cue*, our *Andrew* can advance
An apiſh Mimic of his *Maſter*'s Dance:
Upon his Art of *Gull'ry Reynard* counts;
He tickles *Boobies* till the *Doctor* mounts.
Yet is he not without *Ambition*'s Spark,
Tho' but the *Embryo* of a *Chapel-Clerk*;
Ere long with trill'd *Amens John*'s Cant he'll cloſe,
And to an *Organ* tune his twanging Noſe;
With more than half-clos'd Eyes peep round about,
To find *Proviſion** for the *F----ry* out;
In his new Province his *old Trade* revive,
And keep his Maſter's *outward Man* alive.

† With ſolid *Judgment* 'tis a certain Rule
Of no one *Senſe* to be the *paſſive Fool*:

* See a humorous Print called *Proviſion for the Convent*—a *Monk* with a *Girl* bound up in a Bundle of *Straw*.

† Fools duped by *ſpiritual Jugglers*.

Our

Our biaſs'd *Senſes* ſeldom lead us right;
The *Cork* may ſink, and yet no *Fiſh* may bite.
Thus *Spectres* ſtill with Fools their Poſts maintain,
Mere *Shadows* of a *viſionary* Brain.
In *Tricks* too groſs for Credit, when rehears'd,
Thoſe who mould *Saints* are moſt profoundly vers'd:
New-Birth, *Faith*, *Grace*, *Perfection*, *Love*, *New-Light*,
Held up to ſet Folks *wrong*, who once were *right*;
Spiritual Jack o'Lanthorns, which deceive
Thoſe Travellers the moſt, who moſt *believe**.
With *Hocus-Pocus* Jugglers thus ſurprize
The Gazer's *Judgment*, whilſt they cheat his *Eyes*;
And while our *Ears* with *Jargon* are amus'd,
Our *Underſtanding* ſtoops to be *abus'd*.
Wiſe *Engineers* their Batt'ries chiefly play
Where the ſtorm'd Fort muſt eaſily give Way.

* *Implicit Belief* is the *Corner-Stone* of all *ſpiritual Deceit* and *Impoſition*.

Thus

Thus *ſtrolling Knaves* will ſeldom *cant* or *preach*
To *Judgments*—*there* they cannot make a Breach,
No—to the *Paſſions* they addreſs their *Tears* *,
And duping *thoſe*, take *Aſſes* by the *Ears*;
Convey'd from thence *Vibration* does the Job,
And *ſympathetic Fits* ſeize *Nell* and *Hob*:
With Zeal *electric* the *gull'd* Audience burn,
And *Sigh* for *Sigh*, and *Grunt* for *Grunt*, return.

† When *Converts* firſt obtain that *glimm'ring Light*,
Which (if the *Fancy*'s fed) will flame more bright,
Diffuſing Beams round ev'ry *Madman*'s Head,
Till from their *Soul* they *feel* ‡ all *Darkneſs* fled;

* Theſe *fanatical Preachers* frequently ſqueeze out *Tears* to gull their *Audience*.

† Various Pictures of the *New-Birth*.

‡ Theſe *Saints* have very extraordinary *Feelings*, communicated to none but thoſe *bleſſed ones* who are far advanced towards *Sinleſs Perfection*.

What ſtrange *Emotions* ſhake their *outward Man!*
Paint 'em, in all their Changes, thoſe who can.
* Delug'd in *Tears* the *Patient* ſometimes lies;
Then, with a Spring, full half his Length he'll riſe;
In whirling Eddies round and round he'll run,
Like School-boy's Top, or *Flamen* of the Sun †;
Throw *Somerſets*, vault, caper, and curvet,
Like Herds, when in their Tails the *Breeze* is ſet;
Or madd'ning Mares, by Luſt, or *Oeſtron*, ſtung ‡;
Or *Bacchanals*, when frantic Peals are rung
On rattling Cymbals, ſtirring ev'ry Nerve
To *Rage*, in Honour of the *God* they ſerve.
Seiz'd with *ſpaſmodic Pangs* of the *New-Birth* ||,
Theſe *Saints*, like baited Bulls, tear up the Earth;

* *Stark-mad Converts.*

† The *Prieſts of the Sun* had a frantic circular Dance of this Kind, in which they whirled round and round till they dropped down ſenſeleſs.

‡ The *Oeſtron* is a Fly in Theſſaly, whoſe acute Sting drives Cattle mad.

|| Theſe wonderful *Sufferings* of *Converts* are related by Mr. *Whitefield* and all the other godly Writers among the *Saints* of the *New-Light*—In theſe *Fits* they ſay *the Devil is ſtruggling* with them.

Their

Their hideous Roar th'affrighted Hearer warns
To fly the Fury of their *fancy'd Horns:*
Flaſhing with Fire their Eye-Balls wildly roll,
Whilſt *Satan* in *Volcanos* ſtorms their *Soul.*

* When in full *Cataracts* deſcending Rains
Ruſh from the Mountains o'er the flooded Plains,
When Winds, in Combat, ſhatter'd Foreſts ſtrew,
And livid Light'nings ſplit the ſhiver'd *Yew;*
Then *Satan* drags the *Convert* from his Bed;
To ſome *Church-Yard* the trembling *Captive*'s led;
A new-made *Grave* entraps his Feet, and there
Proſtrate he falls in *Agonies* and *Pray'r.*

† Yet ſome there are, o'er whom, with gentler Hand,
This *Dæmon,* for a Time, uſurps Command:

* *Self-mortifying Converts.*
† *Filthy* Converts.

He

He prompts 'em thro' Life's Pilgrimage to ſtray
Without its *Comforts*, and thus points the Way:
" *One Care* alone your Names *above* enrols;
" Encas'd in *Dirt*, the purer dwell your *Souls*:
" To Heav'n thro' *Filth* the *perfect Chriſtian* ſteers;
" *Slovens* and *Sluts* are *Chriſt*'s head-*Volunteers* *.
" But *almoſt Chriſtians* †, who fall ſhort of *Grace*,
" Like *Heathens*, *unenlighten'd*, waſh their *Face*,
" Miſtaken Comfort in *clean Linnen* own,
" And find their *Taſte* is more for *Bread* than *Stone*."

‡ *Converts*, (like Men of *Succoth*,) taught with *Thorns*,
Are thus, too often, ſcar'd by *Satan*'s *Horns*.
Sometimes he rides 'em, like a *Midnight-Hag*,
Then, as they're *hymning*, checks 'em with a *Gag*.

* This healthy Doctrine is to be found in the Account of *God's Dealings* with Mr. *George Whitefield*.

† A contemptuous Name among the *Saints* for all but their own *mad Sect*.

‡ *Converts* variouſly *be-devil'd*.

Becauſe *few Words* the Mouths of *Saints* become,
Satan, perverſely, ſtrikes the *Choſen* dumb.
Hence, with their *Pray'rs* and *Songs* unſaid, unſung,
They ſit, like *Driv'lers*, lolling out their Tongue.
When *Zeal* inclines 'em to *Ejaculation*,
He tells 'em *oral Pray'r* is *Oſtentation*;
Beſets their *Souls*, they know not *why*, or *when*,
And *choaks* 'em when they ſtrive to cry "*Amen**."

† Juſt ſuch a *Dupe* old *Aquila* was made,
When firſt he ſunk his *Wits* in *Reynard*'s Trade:
To him kind *Reynard*'s Conſcience, *nicer* grown,
Spar'd an old caſt-off *Strumpet* of *his own*,

* This and ſeveral of the other droll Pictures of a *Convert* may be ſeen in the Account of *God's Dealings* with Mr. *Whitefield*, and in the *Poor Man's Spiritual Inſtructor*, and ſome other pious Books of the like *Manufacture*. During theſe *Operations*, the *Saints* ſay ſometimes that *God*, and at other Times that the *Devil*, is *ſtriving with them*.

† *Aquila* and *Priſcilla*.

One whom he knew in *Spirit* and in *Fleſh*,
And took her, as a *Cordial*, to *refreſh*.
Thus *Abiſhag* with *David* us'd to live,
Who held (like *John*) ſuch Phyſic *primitive**.
This Fair-One with Old *Aquila* ſoon join'd
Her *Hand*; a Pledge of *Body*, not of *Mind*.
He found in *her* his Happineſs compleat;
She wedded *him*, becauſe ſhe wiſh'd to—*eat*.
Her Name (for *Meaſure*) we'll *Priſcilla* call;
It ſuits our Verſe, and is *right-ſcriptural*.
Endow'd ſhe was with ev'ry *inward Grace*,
And (as *Saints* ſhou'd) had ev'ry Strength of *Face*.
Behold this *ſelf-denying* Pair in *Lent*
Devoutly *faſt*—that nothing may be *ſpent*;
With *Zeal*, by *Av'rice* wing'd, to *Heaven* mount,

* If the Author does not miſtake, he has ſeen a *very learned Treatiſe* with *this Title*, or ſome *ſuch Title*.

And

And ſmile to find *ſix Weeks* yield *no Account.*
Soon as that *holy Seaſon* is once paſt,
With ev'ry Crime that's *ſafe* they break their *Faſt* * ;
Old *Aquila* to *Us'ry* turns again,
And his *Priſcilla* will not live *in vain.*
It is not *moral Honeſty*, but *Fear*,
That makes *her* from the worſt of Crimes keep clear ;
Morality ſhe deems a *filthy Rag* †
Hung out by *bare Profeſſors* ‡ as a Flag ;
Faith, *Faith* alone,'s the *Chriſtian Church*'s Banner,
And under *that* fight all the *Saints* that man her.
With *Men of God Priſcilla* ſhares her *Bed*,
By *Chriſtian Love* to *Proſtitution* led.

* The Inhabitants of *Zant* (ſays *Sandys*) make more Conſcience to break a *Faſt* than to commit a *Murder.*

† This is the *Doctrine* ſtrongly inculcated among the *Saints*—*Morality* brings their *Teachers* nothing *in*; but *Faith* is their *Mine*—In that inexhauſtible Source of *Profit* they are for ever *digging.*

‡ A Term of *Reproach* to all but their *own Sect.*

Whilſt

Whilſt *Aquila* alone *contented* lies,
Her Zeal each *preaching Vagabond** ſupplies.
Leſt *holy Workmen* ſhou'd be diſappointed,
She ſerves, with all her Might, the *Lord's Anointed.*
Happy *Priſcilla!* if ſhe can but ſteal
From *Aquila* to give her *Soul* a Meal.
Can this be *Sin?*—No—Heav'n rewards her Pains;
For *thus* a *preaching Taylor* ſhe maintains;
And if no other *canting Knave* ſteps in,
With *Snip* alone ſhe riſques a *venial Sin*;
A *Sin* which queazy *Heathens* can't endure;
But with *true Saints* the Spear that *wounds* can *cure.*
With *holy Men Adult'ry*'s no Pollution;
Their *Touch* is tantamount to *Abſolution.*

* This Term may ſeem *harſh*, but *Truth* juſtifies it—Many, if not *moſt*, of theſe *itinerant preaching Mechanics* have no *Dwelling* of their *own*—They are *real Vagrants*, or, to ſpeak in Terms more *ſcriptural*, *Sojourners*—But, Quære, Whether theſe *apoſtolical Sojourners* do not come within the *Vagrant Act?*

She

She keeps her *Aquila* in *Rags* and *Dirt*—
What then?—theſe *Savings* buy *poor Snip* a *Shirt*.
In *Converſation* ſhe's extremely nice,
Nor ſpends one Moment where ſhe ſpies a *Vice*.
None but *God*'s *People** can her Humour hit,
Unleſs they take her in a *hungry Fit*.
Her Character with *Falſehood* none can brand;
She never *forg'd*—tho' ſhe'll deny *her Hand*.
And *Perjury* a *Heathen*, ſure, wou'd ſcorn:
She will not *ſwear*—but ſlyly ſhe'll *ſuborn*.
Cards are the *Devil*'s *Books*, and *Plays* profane;
Yet *Priſcy* has been ſeen in *Drury-Lane*.——
Aquila's Life will bear the ſtricteſt Eye:
" Keep the *Commandments*, and you'll never *die*.
" No Law ſo plain—yet *Genius* ſtill may thrive,
" And *Induſtry* ſtill ſave its Soul alive.

* A modeſt Appellation which the *Saints* beſtow upon *themſelves alone*.

" The *Uſurer*, the *Liar*, and the *Cheat*,
" In this ſtrict *Decalogue* we do not meet.
" 'Tis true, *Man*'s Laws can puniſh *theſe*, 'tis ſaid;
" What then?—wiſe *Moſes* has not cramp'd the *Trade*:
" His *Tables* with *ſlight Faults* don't interfere,
" And by *theſe Stars* good *Reynard* bids *Us* ſteer.
" Whilſt *He*'s our Pilot, blow Gales ne'er ſo ſtrong,
" *God's choſen People* never can be wrong.
" To *Him* in Calms and Storms we muſt reſort,
" For *He* alone can bring us into *Port* *."

† Does Heav'n of *Hypocrites* then make *Election*?
No—*Truth* alone comes neareſt to *Perfection*.

* Theſe are the real Notions of that pious Part of the *Engliſh Rabble* called *Methodiſts*. An *old Fox* of a *Teacher* can eaſily *feel* that they are never ſo happy, as *Politicians*, as when they are told that *poor Old England* is in Danger. As *Chriſtians*, only *ſtun* them with the Words *Hell*, *Damnation*, *Fire*, and *Brimſtone*, and they are *yours for ever*. *Then* the greater *Hypocrite* their *Preacher* is, the cloſer they cling to him for *Salvation*, as they once did to Dr. *Burges*'s *Cloak*.—The *Vulgar* think that *theſe canting, whining Knaves* carry the *Holy Ghoſt* in their *Cloak-Bag*.

† The *Author*'s Reflection upon the Whole.

Lives

Lives there a *Reynard* ?*—Tell him, to his Face,
That *Works* ſhew *Faith*, and *Honeſty* ſhews *Grace:*
Let *Ridicule* be ſuch a *Maſkwell*'s Lot,
And fix its Sting too deep to be forgot:
Yet not in *Wrath*—*Abhorrence* be his Doom,
And *Satire* chace th'*Impoſtor* to the Tomb.
I ſcorn *Detection* from *another*'s Hand,
However juſt—*my own* ſhou'd fix the Brand:
His *flinty Front* † my *Stigma* ſhou'd retain,
And *Juſtice* mark him like another *Cain.*
Not all the *Piles* he raiſes to the *Lord*
Shou'd tempt my Hand to blot this *true Record*;
Not all his ſycophantic *Calm Addreſs*
My ſteady *Indignation* ſhou'd repreſs.

* The *Author* is ready to admit this Character of *Reynard* to be the Offſpring of his *Brain*; but if any *hot-headed Saint* will ſtep forth, and ſay it fits *him*, the *Author* will accommodate him, in a *ſubſequent Performance*, with a *Suit* that ſhall fit him *more completely ſtill.*

† Theſe *Saints* actually pray for ſuch a *Front*, which they call an *holy Boldneſs.*—See a preceding *Note.*

What

What tho' He *crawl'd*, an *abject*, *paſſive Thing*,
To lick the royal *Slaver* of a *K---!*
That *Slaver* wou'd not heal the Wounds I give;
In hourly Dread the *Hypocrite* ſhou'd live;
Curſe the *Deluſions* that firſt drew him forth
To cheat Mankind, or ſacrifice to *N--th*;
Blaſt *J-hnſ-n* with ſtern *Diſappointment*'s Frown,
And throw his *Pen* and *leaden Dagger** down.
To his own Lips I'd hold his *Chalice* up,
And force him to exhauſt his *poiſon'd Cup*.
To ſee his *Fall* a *Nation wrong'd* ſhou'd ſmile,
And by my Hand be freed from *Prieſtly Guile*;
His odious *Name* ſhou'd ſtink beyond the *Grave*,
And *Truth* proclaim him a *recorded Knave*.

* Aimed in *pitiful Attempts* at the Hearts of a *brave People*.

FINIS.

In the Preſs, and ſpeedily will be publiſhed, (by the ſame Author,)
THE LOVE-FEAST, *a* POEM.